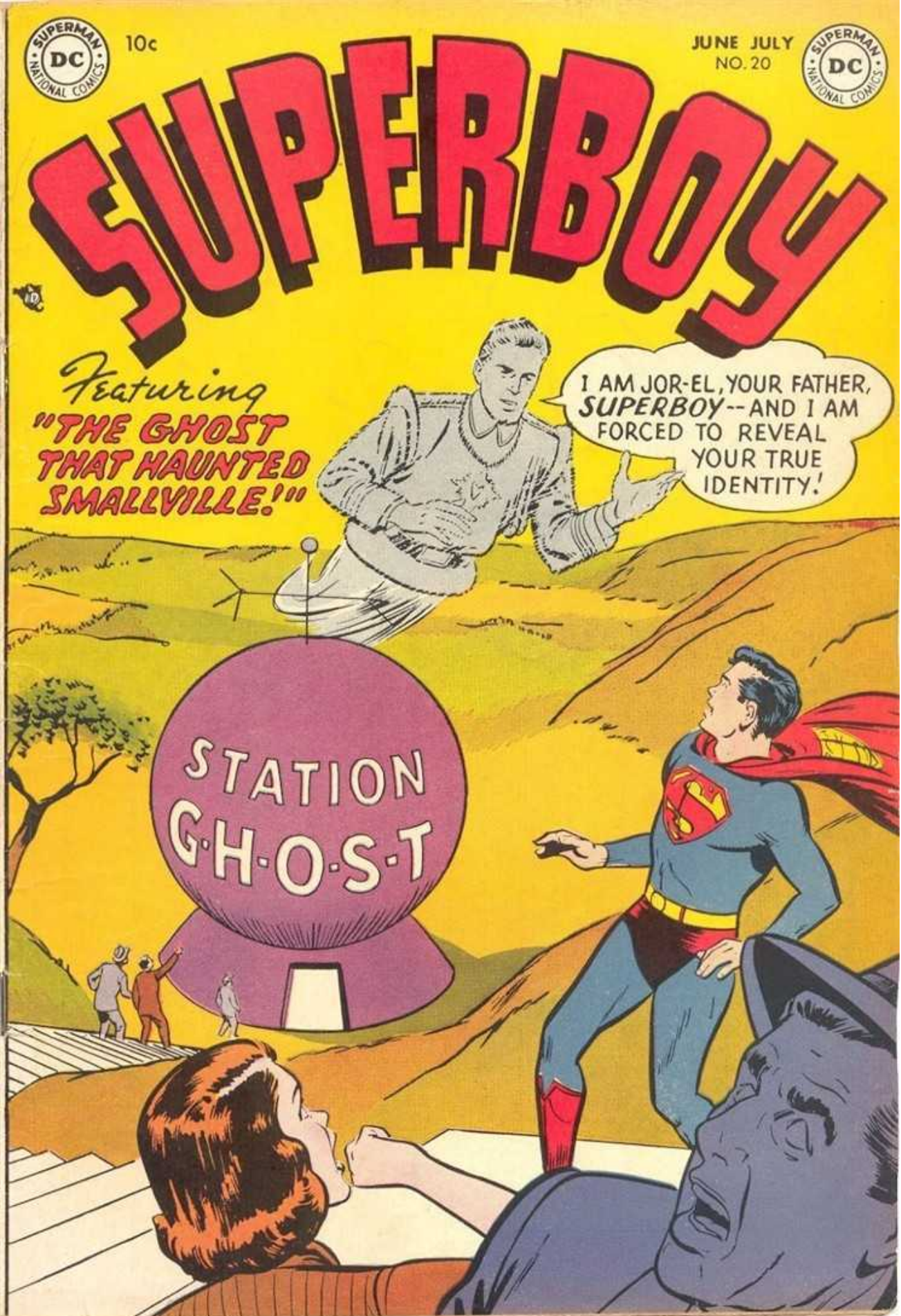
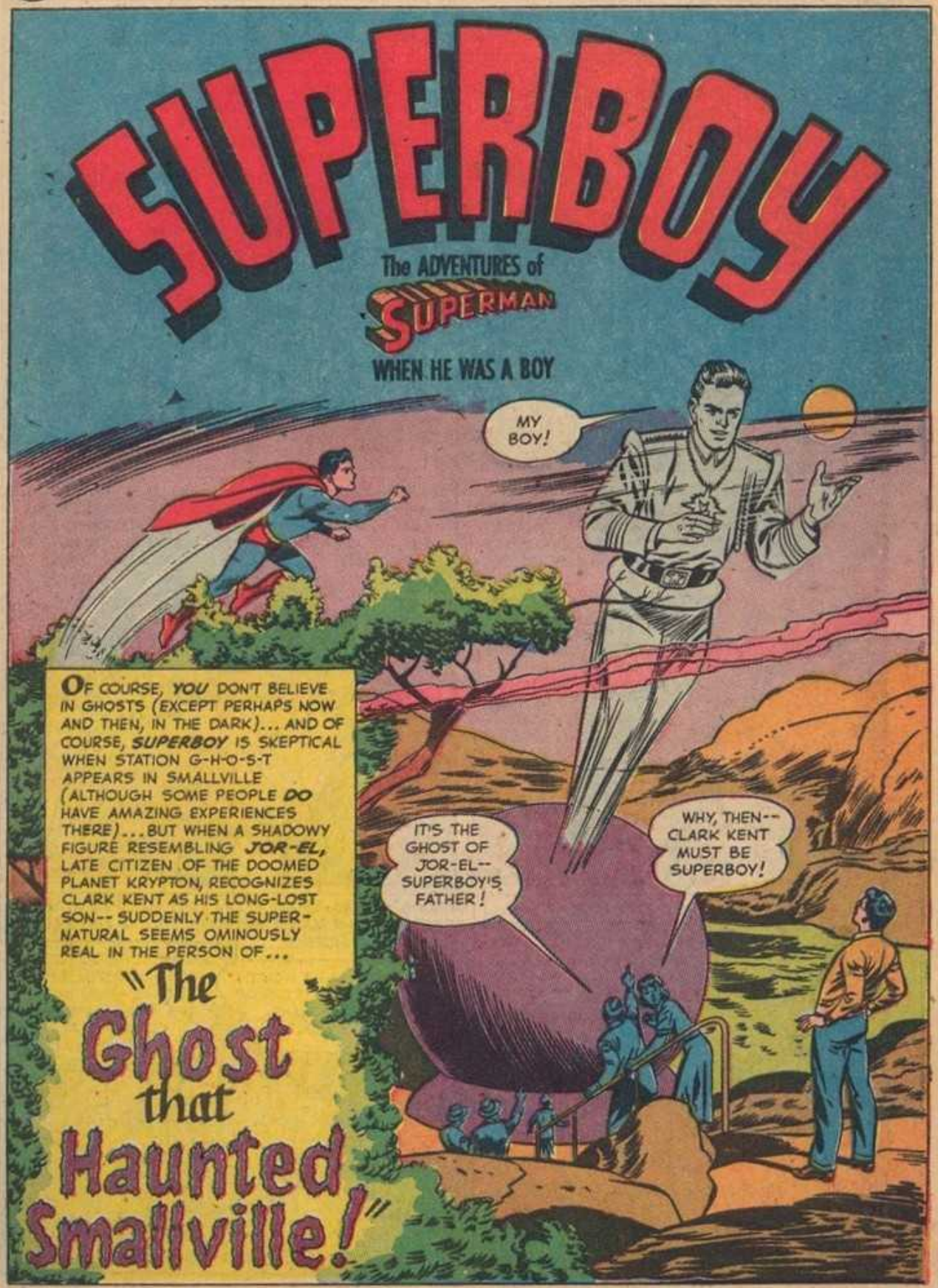

SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
10c
JUNE JULY
NO. 20
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"THE GHOST THAT HAUNTED SMALLVILLE!"
I AM JOR-EL, YOUR FATHER, SUPERBOY -- AND I AM FORCED TO REVEAL YOUR TRUE IDENTITY!
STATION G-H-O-S-T


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
MY BOY!
OF COURSE, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS (EXCEPT PERHAPS NOW AND THEN, IN THE DARK)... AND OF COURSE, SUPERBOY IS SKEPTICAL WHEN STATION G-H-O-S-T APPEARS IN SMALLVILLE (ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE DO HAVE AMAZING EXPERIENCES THERE)...BUT WHEN A SHADOWY FIGURE RESEMBLING JOR-EL, LATE CITIZEN OF THE DOOMED PLANET KRYPTON, RECOGNIZES CLARK KENT AS HIS LONG-LOST SON-- SUDDENLY THE SUPER-NATURAL SEEMS OMINOUSLY REAL IN THE PERSON OF...
"The Ghost that Haunted Smallville!"
IT'S THE GHOST OF JOR-EL-- SUPERBOY'S FATHER!
WHY, THEN-- CLARK KENT MUST BE SUPERBOY!

ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETS THE TOWNSFOLK -- A RADIO STATION FOR COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD...

HAW! THIS MUST BE SOME GAG! NO ONE CAN TALK TO A SPOOK!

STOP JOKING, ED! OUR MAYOR'S INSIDE THAT CONTRAPTION RIGHT NOW TO TEST IT!

STATION

STATION G-H-O-S-T GUARANTEED TO HELP YOU MAKE CONTACT WITH THE GHOSTS OF YOUR DEPARTED FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

G-H-O-S-T

INSIDE THE WEIRD STRUCTURE, DR. AUBREY BARTH AND PROF. HAVENS HOMER, THE INVENTORS, BEGIN A STRANGE EXPERIMENT...

DOWN HERE, MR. MAYOR! INSTEAD OF MERELY GAZING INTO A CRYSTAL BALL, YOU *ENTER* THIS ONE -- CONTACTING THE MYSTIC FORCES DIRECTLY!

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!

PRESENTLY, AS A SMALL PLATFORM RISES INTO AN EERIE, MISTY RADIANCE...

IT'S SORT OF SCARY! THAT FUNNY LIGHT, AND THE CLOUDS, GIVE ME THE FEELING OF SPACE STRETCHING OUT A MILLION MILES ALL AROUND!

THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE ECTOPLASM BETWEEN THE INNER AND OUTER SHELLS -- THE MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE IN WHICH GHOSTS BECOME VISIBLE!

SUDDENLY...

SOMETHING THERE -- A FIGURE -- WHY -- *IT'S MY GRANDFATHER!*

HELLO, HORACE! HOW YOU'VE GROWN SINCE I SAW YOU LAST! I HEAR YOU'RE MAYOR NOW, AS I ONCE WAS! CONGRATULATIONS!

YOU'RE EXACTLY AS I REMEMBER YOU, THIRTY YEARS AGO!

AYE, LADDY! AND ALL THAT WHILE I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU OF THE MONEY I BURIED BEHIND THE OLD HOUSE! DIG WHERE THE ROSE GARDEN USED TO BE -- AND YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

AMONG OTHERS, YOUNG CLARK KENT WATCHES WITH INTEREST AS THE MAYOR EMERGES, STILL DAZED BY HIS UNCANNY EXPERIENCE...

AMAZING! BUT I WON'T BELIEVE IT TILL I DIG UP MY BACKYARD AND FIND THE MONEY!

HMM... SUPERBOY COULD SAVE HIM NEEDLESS DIGGING -- AND SATISFY HIS OWN SUPER-CURIOSITY AT THE SAME TIME!

SHUCKING HIS OUTER GARMENTS, CLARK BECOMES SUPERBOY-- AND AS THE MAYOR AND HIS FRIENDS LOOK ON, PRESENTLY...

MAYBE I'M A FOOL FOR TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY--BUT IT'S WORTH INVESTIGATING MY GRANDFATHER'S TIP!

NO USE DIGGING TILL MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS SOMETHING TO DIG FOR!...HUH--? AN IRON BOX--FILLED WITH GOLD COINS!

SOON, AFTER THE BOY OF STEEL DIGS FURIOUSLY AT SUPER-SPEED...

THIS PROVES IT'S REAL! IT WAS ACTUALLY MY DEAD GRANDFATHER WHOM I SPOKE WITH!

WELL, JIM MORLEY--THERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR DEAD UNCLE'S LOST WILL! MAYBE STATION G-H-O-S-T CAN HELP YOU!

NO, CHIEF! I'LL ADMIT I'M IMPRESSED, BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

AN HOUR LATER, THE CHIEF OF POLICE IS THE NEXT SMALLVILLE OFFICIAL TO TEST STATION G-H-O-S-T...

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE SPECTER OF "TORCH" MUNSTER--THE CROOK I SENT TO THE CHAIR FIVE YEARS AGO FOR AN ARSON MURDER!

YEAH, COPPER! BUT I'M HERE TO DO YA A GOOD TURN, ANYHOW! TAKE A TIP FROM A GUY WHO KNOWS ABOUT FIRE--AN' WATCH OUT FOR TROUBLE AT HOME!

THAT VERY NIGHT, AT THE CHIEF'S HOUSE...

IMAGINE "TORCH" MUNSTER'S GHOST WARNING ME! I'D FORGOTTEN MY FIRE INSURANCE HAD EXPIRED, AND RENEWED IT JUST BEFORE THE OFFICE CLOSED!

THE FIREMEN HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL WITHOUT NEEDING SUPERBOY! BUT IT BEATS ME HOW A "GHOST" COULD HAVE WARNED HIM! THIS FIRE MUST'VE BEEN A COINCIDENCE!

HMM...THERE ARE THE OPERATORS OF STATION G-H-O-S-T, BARTH AND HIS PARTNER, HOMER, STANDING BESIDE JOE SPENCER! AND I'M JUST CURIOUS ENOUGH ABOUT WHAT BARTH'S GOT IN THAT BRIEFCASE TO TAKE A QUICK X-RAY PEEK!

ONLY BOOKS AND A SPILLED BOTTLE OF INK! THAT LUMINOUS SPOT IS WHERE INK HAS LEAKED THROUGH THE LEATHER, SO THAT THE GREEN VITRIOL IN IT FLUORESCES FROM THE RAYS OF MY X-RAY VISION!

HUH--?

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN CLARK VISITS DR. BARTH...

SO YOU'RE CLARK KENT? HMM... I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU YOUNG FOLKS ARE INTERESTED IN OUR EXPERIMENTS TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD!

WONDER HOW HE'D FEEL IF HE KNEW I WAS SUPERBOY? HMM... THAT GLOBE'S LINED WITH LEAD, SO IT'S PROOF AGAINST X-RAYS!

SOON, IN THE WEIRD, LUMINOUS MIST, A NEBULOUS FORM WAVERS...

PEOPLE MUST REALIZE THAT, UNDER PROPER CONDITIONS, SEEING LOST FRIENDS CAN BE AS NATURAL AS MEETING ACQUAINTANCES ON THE STREET!

SOMETHING--OR SOMEONE--IS TAKING SHAPE THERE! I'LL HAVE TO GUARD AGAINST IMAGINING MORE THAN I ACTUALLY SEE!

THEN, SUDDENLY, AN AMAZING APPARITION APPEARS...

MY BOY--MY SUPERBOY! AT LAST I CAN TELL YOU HOW PROUD YOU'VE MADE ME!

FATHER!

IT IS THE GHOST OF WISE AND BRAVE *JOR-EL*, WHOSE LAST ACT BEFORE HE PERISHED IN THE CATACLYSM THAT DESTROYED HIS NATIVE PLANET, KRYPTON, WAS TO SAVE HIS INFANT SON-- *SUPERBOY!*

FACING THE NOBLE FIGURE, SCARCELY REMEMBERED APART FROM DREAMS--HEARING A VOICE VERY LIKE HIS OWN--CLARK IS SWEPT BY SURGING EMOTIONS..

JOR-EL--EXACTLY LIKE HIS PICTURES!

ONE DAY, SUPERBOY, YOU WI[illegible] GREAT THINGS, LIKE DR. B[illegible]RTH--WHO HAS OPENED THE WAY FOR NEW WONDERS FROM THE VAST REALMS BEYOND LIFE!

AND AS THE INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE ENDS...

THAT WAS QUITE A SURPRISE FOR ME! BUT--UH--*KENT*, DID YOU SAY THE NAME WAS?--YOU NEEDN'T WORRY; THE SECRET OF YOUR DUAL IDENTITY IS PERFECTLY SAFE WITH ME!

I--I'VE GOT TO THINK! I'M SO MIXED UP, I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT I SAW! I *KNOW* GHOSTS CAN'T BE REAL--BUT--BUT--

...BUT IT *MUST* BE REAL! ELSE HOW COULD THEY HAVE DISCOVERED MY IDENTITY? HMM... BARTH KNOWS NOW, AND THAT'S BAD--DANGEROUS FOR HIM AND OTHERS, EVEN IF HE'S STRAIGHT! AND IF HE'S CROOKED, IT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN! IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE WHAT I *REALLY* SAW!

AT THE SMALLVILLE LIBRARY, A CONFUSED CLARK STUDIES THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL...
NOBODY'S EVER PROVED GHOSTS DON'T EXIST--BUT THOUSANDS OF SANE, HONEST PEOPLE CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN THEM! WHY, HISTORY'S FULL OF FAMOUS GHOSTS!
HAUNTED CASTLES
GHOST
MEANWHILE, DESPITE HIS EARLIER SCOFFING, JIM MORLEY FINALLY SEEKS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GHOST OF HIS WEALTHY UNCLE...
UNCLE HENRY, YOU SAID I'D BE YOUR HEIR--BUT THE ONLY WILL FOUND LEFT EVERYTHING TO CHARITY! WAS YOUR REAL WILL LOST?
YES, JIM! I DREW UP A LATER WILL, JIM! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IT'S HIDDEN, SO YOU CAN HELP FINANCE DR. BARTH'S WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS! IT'S UNDER A LOOSE STONE...
THAT NIGHT, JIM MORLEY TAKES LAWYER REID AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD MORLEY MANSION--WHERE AN UNINVITED WITNESS WAITS...
HERE'S THE LOOSE STONE HE MENTIONED, AND THE SPACE BEHIND IT--AND A FOLDED PAPER!
LUCKY I OVERHEARD THEM TALKING! FROM NOW ON, UNTIL I LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT I SAW, ANY GHOSTLY BUSINESS IN SMALLVILLE WILL BE SUPERBOY'S BUSINESS!
IT'S HENRY MORLEY'S WILL, JIM, LEAVING HIS FORTUNE TO YOU!
AND I'LL USE THE MONEY AS UNCLE SUGGESTED, HELPING BARTH CONTINUE HIS WORK!
MY X-RAYS ARE MAKING THE INK ON THAT DOCUMENT FLUORESCE WHICH MEANS THE INK IS ONLY A FEW WEEKS OLD. THAT WILL'S A FORGERY! MORLEY DIED A YEAR AGO!
WHEN THE OTHERS HAVE GONE...
I'LL STRIKE A LIGHT AND SEE IF THIS STONE SHOWS SIGNS OF HAVING BEEN LOOSENED RECENTLY--HUH--?
SUPERBOY! WHAT FOOLISHNESS IS THIS?
ARE YOU SPYING ON THOSE WHO BROUGHT US TOGETHER? SURELY, MEN FIT TO KNOW THE SECRET OF YOUR IDENTITY CAN BE TRUSTED WITH OTHER THINGS!
I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT, FATHER! I ONLY WANTED TO BE SURE THINGS WERE RIGHT!

BUT AS THE PHANTOM FADES, SOME INSTINCTIVE KNOWLEDGE DEEP WITHIN SUPERBOY SUDDENLY SUPPLIES THE ANSWER HE HAS SOUGHT...
A VEILED THREAT--A REMINDER THAT BARTH COULD TELL MY SECRET! I DON'T REMEMBER MY FATHER--BUT I KNOW HE'D NEVER STOP ME FROM DOING WHAT'S RIGHT!
BUT FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, I DO BELIEVE HENRY MORLEY MEANT JIM TO INHERIT THE ESTATE! SO IF THAT WASN'T THE REAL WILL, THERE MUST BE ANOTHER SOMEWHERE AROUND!
AT STATION G-H-O-S-T, AS DR. BARTH RETURNS AFTER A BRIEF ABSENCE...
WHAT LUCK, DOC?
SPLENDID! I DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO SHOW THE MORLEY GHOST FILM ON THE CHEESECLOTH SCREEN TO REMIND JIM HOW TO SPEND THE MONEY! BUT I'M GLAD I HAD THE PORTABLE PROJECTOR, ANYWAY!
SUPERBOY WAS SNOOPING--SO I USED THE FILM STARRING YOU AS JOR-EL, AND SENT HIM AWAY WITH A FATHERLY LECTURE!
HERE'S HOPING IT WORKED! WE'VE GOT A HOLD OVER SUPERBOY AS LONG AS HE WANTS HIS OTHER IDENTITY KEPT SECRET--BUT HE WORRIES ME, JUST THE SAME!
AN HOUR LATER...
I'VE FOUND OUT ENOUGH SO THAT I WANT TO KNOW MORE IN A HURRY--INCLUDING WHAT'S IN THAT LEAD-COATED UNDER-GROUND ROOM!
SWIFTLY THE BOY OF STEEL BURROWS THROUGH EARTH, STRIPS AWAY LEAD SHEATHING, AND SEES...
MEN STILL CALL ME THE GREAT LEONARDO--BUT I WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR GREATER, JIM MORLEY, HAD I YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE ANCIENTS!
IT'S A PHONY GHOST OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, ARTIST, SCIENTIST AND INVENTOR--ORATING TO A T.V. CAMERA! OUR FRIEND PROF. HOMER IS SURE IMPRESSING JIM MORLEY WITH THIS ACT!

SECONDS LATER, BORING THROUGH THE CONCRETE BASE AND METAL SHELL OF STATION G-H-O-S-T, THE BOY OF STEEL VIEWS APPARATUS THAT WAS HIDDEN EARLIER...

SPIRIT GLOBES LIKE THIS CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERIES OF THE AGES--LOCATE LONG-LOST TREASURES--REVEAL THE FUTURE!

SO THIS IS THE SET-UP--MERCURY VAPOR CLOUDS FOR EFFECT, AND A LUMINOUS SCREEN FOR ENLARGING HOMER'S GHOST-IMAGES FROM THE TELEVISION TUBE BEHIND IT!

AND HERE IS A DIAGRAM OF PERHAPS THE MOST INGENIOUS "GHOST-MAKING" DEVICE OF ALL TIME...

SMALLVILLE'S STATION G-H-O-S-T IN THEORY: SPECIAL ANTENNAE PICK UP SPIRIT VIBRATIONS AND CONDUCT THEM TO GAS-FILLED SPACE IN GLOBE WHERE CONDITIONS ARE IDEAL FOR GHOSTS WHO WISH TO MATERIALIZE.

LEAD-COATED COVER FOR TV EQUIPMENT ETC.

TV TUBE

SILVERED OUTER SURFACE OF GLOBE

LINING OF LEAD TO BALK X-RAYS.

SCREEN ON WHICH ENLARGED TV IMAGES ARE THROWN.

SPACE FILLED WITH CLOUDS OF LUMINOUS MERCURY VAPOR.

SWITCHBOARD

INNER SHELL OF TRANSPARENT PLASTIC.

ENTRANCE

GHOST WATCHER STANDS ON PLATFORM THAT RISES INTO CENTER OF GLOBE.

LEAD-LINED ROOM WHERE GHOSTS ARE CREATED BEFORE TV CAMERA.

STAIRWAY DOWN TO SHAFT INTO GLOBE.

NEXT MOMENT, AS SUPERBOY THROWS HIS VOICE, MIMICKING "LEONARDO'S" TONES, BUT DROWNING THEM OUT WITH GREATER VOLUME...

WAIT, JIM--I'VE BEEN LYING TO YOU! THIS IS ALL A FRAME-UP BY BARTH AND HOMER! IF YOU WANT PROOF, CALL YOUR LAWYER AND MEET HIM AT THE MANSION RIGHT AWAY!

NO--NO! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

WHAT--?

WAIT! STOP! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, MORLEY!

NO USE DELAYING THINGS!

I'M NOT DOING THIS! BUT I'M LEAVING TO THINK THINGS OVER! IF THAT GHOST IS REAL, I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIS ADVICE--AND IF IT'S A FAKE, I DON'T WANT TO HANG AROUND!

AFTER JIM MORLEY'S HASTY DEPARTURE...

I SWEAR I DIDN'T DO IT, DOC! I TELL YOU, SUPERBOY MUST BE OUT TO SABOTAGE US!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! WE'LL FIND SUPERBOY, IN EITHER OF HIS IDENTITIES, AND HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH HIM RIGHT NOW!

PRESENTLY, AS LAWYER REID ARRIVES AT THE SHUTTERED MANSION IN ANSWER TO PHONE CALL...

WHICH OF US IS CRAZY? YOU SAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S UP--AND I'M SURE *I* DON'T--AND--

SUPERBOY!

LET ME EXPLAIN, GENTLEMEN! A LITTLE WHILE AGO MY X-RAY VISION SPOTTED SOMETHING I THOUGHT I'D BETTER NOT TOUCH TILL I HAD WITNESSES!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, SUPERBOY RETRIEVES A DOCUMENT FALLEN FROM A DRAWER INTO THE HOLLOW BACK OF AN OLD ROLLTOP DESK...

IT'S THE ***REAL*** WILL, JIM--STILL IN YOUR FAVOR! I WONDERED ABOUT THE OTHER--BUT I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FORGET IT, AND COULDN'T THINK WHO WOULD!

THE GHOST-MAKERS WOULD! THEY'RE AFTER LOOT, AND THIS IS THE BIGGEST CHUNK IN SIGHT!

BUT HOW ABOUT THE MONEY THE MAYOR FOUND, AND THE FIRE IN THE CHIEF'S HOUSE?

CROOKS WOULD HAVE DIFFICULTY EXPLAINING STOLEN GOLD COINS! BUT NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT THE MAYOR--WHO GAVE THEM HALF! SETTING THAT FIRE THEMSELVES ESTABLISHED THEIR REPUTATION FOR RELIABILITY! AND NOW EXCUSE ME!

BUT SUPERBOY'S GRAVEST PROBLEM REMAINS UNSOLVED--AND THE MORE HE CONSIDERS IT, THE MORE HOPELESS IT SEEMS...

NO POSSIBLE WAY TO KEEP THEM FROM REVEALING THAT I'M CLARK KENT, EXCEPT ON THEIR OWN TERMS! BUT I ***CAN'T*** BARGAIN WITH CRIMINALS--NOT EVEN TO SAVE MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS FROM DANGER!

GHOST

IS THIS THE END OF THE LONG MASQUERADE THAT HAS MADE SUPERBOY DOUBLY EFFICIENT IN HIS ENDLESS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE?...

GRIMLY THE BOY OF STEEL MOVES TOWARD THE FINAL SCENE--UNTIL HIS SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP WORDS THAT MYSTIFY AT FIRST...

QUIT BLUFFING! WE KNOW YOU'RE SUPERBOY, AND YOU KNOW WE KNOW IT!

BUT I'M NOT!

I'LL JUST HOPE FOR THE BEST, AND--***WHAT'S THIS***--?

BESIDE THE GLEAMING "GHOST GLOBE" STANDS A BEWILDERED BOY--CLARK KENT'S FRIEND, JOE SPENCER...

WE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO PICK YOU OUT OF ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN! FIGURING SUPERBOY WOULD X-RAY ANY BRIEFCASE WE CARRIED, WE STAINED ONE WITH A SPECIAL FLUORESCENT INK!

AND AT THE FIRE, IT FLUORESCED WHEN ***YOU*** LOOKED AT IT WITH YOUR X-RAY VISION!

I WASN'T FOOLED WHEN YOU SHOWED UP DISGUISED NEXT DAY--CALLING YOURSELF "KENT" OR SOMETHING--BECAUSE WHEN YOU TRIED TO X-RAY THE GLOBE, ANOTHER FLUORESCENT CLUE GAVE YOU AWAY!

DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE

WHY, THEY ***DON'T*** KNOW ABOUT ME, AFTER ALL! THEY THINK I'M JOE, BECAUSE HE HAPPENED TO LOOK AT THAT BRIEFCASE JUST WHEN I DID!

I'M SICK OF THIS STALLING! WHEN HE'S CLAMPED TO THE ELECTRODES, THE HIGH-TENSION CURRENT WILL SETTLE IT! IF HE'S SUPERBOY, IT WON'T KILL HIM! IF HE ISN'T--WELL, HE KNOWS TOO MUCH, ANYWAY!
I'LL JUST OPEN A WINDOW HERE BEHIND THE SWITCH-BOARD!
NO! PLEASE DON'T!

BY DISCONNECTING THE ELECTRODES BACK HERE I'LL KEEP THE CURRENT AWAY FROM JOE, AND ABSORB IT MYSELF!
OKAY, DOC--THROW THE SWITCH!
OH-H-H-H!

AS THE FAT SPARKS HISS WITH THE SURGE OF THE POWERFUL CURRENT...
THERE!...LOOKS LIKE WE WERE WRONG, HOMER! THE KID COULDN'T TAKE IT! TOO BAD--BUT AT LEAST, HE WON'T TALK!
JOE FAINTED--AND NO WONDER! I'LL TEACH THOSE RATS A LESSON, SOON AS I CAN SHORT-CIRCUIT THE LIGHTING AND LEAVE THEM IN THE DARK!

OH, OH--THERE GOES THE LIGHT FUSE!
NOW TO GET JOE OUT OF SIGHT, PUT ON HIS CLOTHES, AND TAKE A QUICK DIP IN THAT LUMINOUS MERCURY VAPOR INSIDE THE GLOBE BEFORE THEY MISS HIM!

SECONDS LATER...
FIND A FLASHLIGHT! HURRY! WE'VE GOT SUPERBOY TO WORRY ABOUT, AND A BODY TO HIDE, AND--
NO MATTER WHERE YOU HIDE ME, YOU CAN'T KEEP ME FROM HAUNTING YOU!

BANG
BANG! BANG!
COME ON, HOMER! BULLETS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT ON HIM!
NATURALLY--I MEAN, SUPERNATURALLY--NOT! ANYBODY WHO EVER TRIED TO SHOOT A GHOST KNOWS THAT!

AS THE TERRIFIED PAIR TRIES TO ESCAPE, SUPERBOY'S SUPER-BREATH PROVIDES A WHIRLWIND FINISH...

NOTHING LIKE A CLOSED CIRCULAR SPACE FOR WHIPPING UP A ROUND-TRIP BREEZE!

HELP!

OW!

THEN... WE WERE RIGHT! ONLY SUPERBOY COULD DO THAT! EITHER YOU MAKE A DEAL, OR WE TELL THE WORLD -- AND ESPECIALLY THE UNDERWORLD -- EXACTLY WHO YOU, YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE!

SINCE YOU KNOW ME, I MIGHT AS WELL QUIT MASQUERADING!

ANYWAY, JOE NEEDS THESE CLOTHES WORSE THAN I DO RIGHT NOW!

SUPERBOY! THANK GOODNESS!

WH-WHAT?

10

ONLY A LATE-STROLLING COUPLE SEES THE LAST SIGN OF ACTIVITY EVER TO PROCEED FROM SMALLVILLE'S MOST FANTASTIC ESTABLISHMENT...

IT'S YOUR FAULT, DOC, THINKING YOU COULD SPOT SUPERBOY! WHY, HE COULD BE ANY OF THE KIDS IN TOWN -- OR NONE OF THEM!

OH, WELL, IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHERE YOU'RE GOING, WHEN I TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!

LOOK, GEORGE! GHOSTS! TAKE ME HOME!

THE End

ADVERTISEMENT

"Little dandruff, heh? Better try Wildroot Cream-Oil!"

"He keeps his Wildroot Cream-Oil there because it's his hair's best friend!"

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

LANOLIN

GROOMS THE HAIR

RELIEVES DRYNESS

REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

29¢

"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK THE FINGER-NAIL TEST. Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your appearance. Keep your hair neat and natural from morning till night with Wildroot Cream-Oil. More men use it than any other hair tonic! Get a bottle today!

ADVERTISEMENT

I THINK HE'S GONE WILD!
MAYBE I KNOW WHAT HE'S EXCITED ABOUT!
BOY! HE'S EXCITED!
PERHAPS HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS PUBLIC!
HE'S ALMOST HUMAN -
HE IMITATES EVERYTHING WE DO!
I THINK I CAN CALM HIM DOWN!
ONLY PEOPLE HAVE FUN WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE!
HE CERTAINLY CAN'T CHEW, CAN HE?
WOW! HIS BUBBLE IS BIGGER'N PUDS!
GOLLY! MAYBE HE DOES LIKE PEOPLE!
HE MUST IF HE CHEWS FLEER'S!
BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES EVERY TIME!
FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!
DUBBLE BUBBLE FLAVOR LASTS AND LASTS!
DUBBLE BUBBLE
AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!
1¢
FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

PEG
I HEAR YOU HAD A BIG FIGHT WITH ARTHUR!
HENRY BOLTINOFF
-AND YOU GAVE IN TO HIM AND ADMITTED YOU WERE WRONG!
YES, JUNE.
HOW COULD YOU BE SUCH A JELLYFISH? IF ANY MAN SAID THOSE THINGS TO ME -I'D TELL HIM A THING OR TWO!
ME TOO!
-BUT SATURDAY'S MY BIRTHDAY AND ARTHUR HAS A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT FOR ME. BUT JUST WAIT UNTIL SUNDAY -- I'LL CERTAINLY GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND!

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
HOW'S YOUR BIKE TREATING YOU LATELY? LIKE A FAITHFUL STEED, GRATEFUL FOR DECENT CARE AND SMART HANDLING? OR MEAN LIKE A CRANKY, ROUGH-RIDING CAYUSE? EITHER WAY, IT'S YOUR DOING -- AS SUPERBOY PROVES DRAMATICALLY WHEN HE RIDES HERD ON JUVENILE TRAFFIC DELINQUENTS, SAVING LIVES, AND MAPPING THE WAY TO BETTER BIKING IN A FAST-PACED, FREE-WHEELING DEMONSTRATION OF . . .
"SUPERBOY'S SAFETY CODE!"
THIS WILL MAKE FOLKS NOTICE MY NEW CUSTOM-BUILT BIKE -- THE FLASHIEST IN AMERICA!
IT'LL ALSO MAKE THE SHOWIEST JUNKPILE IN AMERICA IF I DON'T HURRY!
SPECIAL
RADIO MAST
RADIO TRANSMITTER
RADIO HEADSET EARPHONES
BOOK & MAGAZINE REST
TEDDY BEAR MASCOT
RADIOPHONE UNIT
PLASTIC WIND SHIELD
MB
LOCKER
SPARE WHEEL COVERED
MB
ENTIRE FRAME METAL-ENCLOSED

ONE DAY, AT SMALLVILLE'S BUSIEST CORNER, WHERE A ROVING RADIO REPORTER INTERVIEWS THE CHIEF OF POLICE...
CHIEF BRANN, I'M SURE YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR OUR LISTENERS!
IMPORTANT, BUT NOT CHEERFUL! TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS ARE INCREASING--AND THE RECKLESS YOUNG BICYCLE RIDER IS BECOMING A MAJOR PROBLEM!
AT THAT MOMENT, AS CLARK KENT--REALLY SUPERBOY--AND TWO FRIENDS LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST IN A NEARBY SODA SHOP...
HERE IS AN EXAMPLE RIGHT NOW...A BOY ON A VERY FLASHY BIKE, GRABBING THE TAIL OF A TRUCK!
OH, OH... SOUNDS LIKE MEL BLAKE AND THAT SUPER-DUPER, CUSTOM-BUILT CONTRAPTION HE RIDES! HE PROMISED TO BE CAREFUL WHEN HE JOINED OUR CYCLE CLUB!
AND AS CLARK, WITH HIS X-RAY VISION, VIEWS THE ANTICS OF A RECKLESS RIDER...
THAT'S ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS A BIKE RIDER CAN DO, ESPECIALLY IN HEAVY TRAFFIC, AND...
IT'S MELVIN, ALL RIGHT--AND THAT QUICK TURN THE TRUCK'S MAKING IS THROWING HIM OFF-BALANCE!
GREAT SCOTT! THE BIKE'S HITTING A BABY CARRIAGE--PUSHING IT INTO THE TRAFFIC!
WOW! LET'S GO, FELLOWS!
THEY'RE HEADED RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF A BUS!
HURRY, CLARK... IT'S JUST UP AT THE CORNER!
SUPERBOY'S NEEDED THERE--NOT CLARK KENT! BUT HOW CAN I SWITCH WITH PEOPLE ALL AROUND? HMM... THAT CAN OF ASHES...
SUPER MARKET
A PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH--AND A MINIATURE DUST STORM ENABLES CLARK TO SHUCK HIS OUTER GARMENTS UNSEEN!
A LITTLE DUST IS BETTER THAN A LOT OF TRAGEDY!
HEY--WHERE DID THAT BREEZE COME FROM SO SUDDENLY?
ASHES
2

AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
SUPERBOY!
GOO!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, YOUNG FELLOW-- AND HOPE IT'S THE CLOSEST SHAVE YOU'LL HAVE TILL YOUR WHISKERS GROW!

MY BABY!
GOSH, SUPERBOY-- THANKS! I--I MUST HAVE SKIDDED!
YOUR BRAIN SKIDDED, MEL, WHEN YOU HITCHED A RIDE FROM THAT TRUCK!
EAT MARKET

WHAT'S MORE, THAT BIKE OF YOURS MAY BE GLAMOROUS AND EXPENSIVE, BUT IT'S CLUMSY!
YOUNG MAN, I WANT YOU!
HUH? THE CHIEF OF POLICE! BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

NOT YOU, MELVIN... I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON! SUPERBOY, CAN'T YOU TEACH THESE JUVENILE TRAFFIC DELINQUENTS TO BE MORE CAREFUL?
MAYBE, CHIEF BRANN -- WITH SOME HELP! AND THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOD KIDS IN SMALLVILLE WHO'D BE TICKLED TO HELP!

THE CYCLE CLUB COULD DRAW UP A SAFETY CODE, AND BIKE RIDERS COULD BE LICENSED AFTER PASSING ROAD TESTS! HOW DOES THAT SOUND, CHIEF?
IT'S BOUND TO GET RESULTS, WITH YOU ON THE JOB! I'LL ASK THE SAFETY COMMISSION TO OKAY IT TONIGHT!

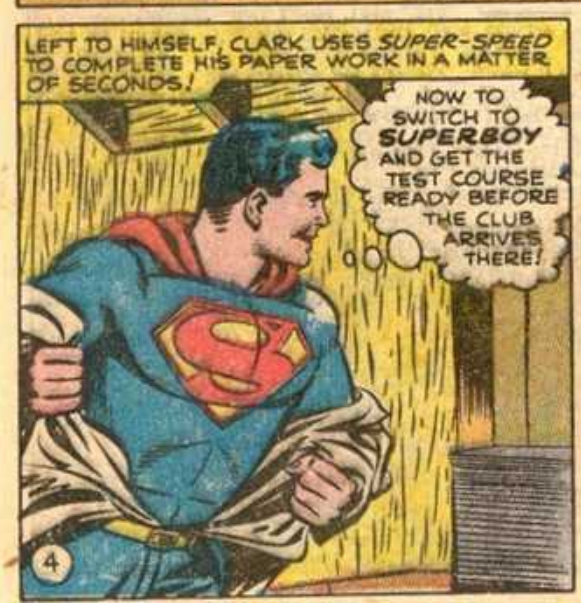
AND SO, AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE CYCLE CLUB...
I WONDER IF MEL BLAKE WILL HAVE TROUBLE GETTING A LICENSE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY?
MEL ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL HAVE TROUBLE... WHAT WORRIES ME IS, HOW WILL SUPERBOY GO ABOUT LICENSING CLARK KENT?
INDEED, HOW CAN CLARK POSSIBLY TAKE THE TEST WITHOUT REVEALING HIS SECRET IDENTITY?
3

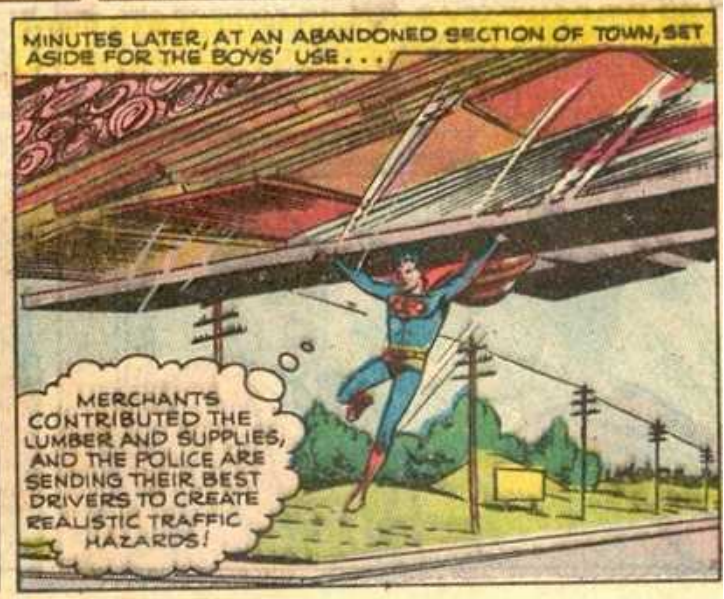
AND WHEN NEWS OF THE SAFETY CAMPAIGN REACHES MEL AT HIS RICH FATHER'S HILLTOP MANSION...
HUH! SAFETY TESTS ARE FOR KIDS AND MORONS! I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF, DAD!
I HOPE SO, SON...BUT I'LL STILL FEEL BETTER ABOUT THAT WEIRD CONTRAPTION YOU DESIGNED IF SUPERBOY LICENSES IT!

IT'S HEAVY, ALL RIGHT--BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE KIDS TURN GREEN WITH ENVY WHEN I SAIL PAST THEM WITH MY TWO-WAY RADIO TURNED ON!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, MELVIN...AT YOUR AGE, YOU SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN OVER SUCH CHILDISH VANITY!

MEANWHILE, SOME DISTANCE AWAY...
WHAT A MANSION! I TELL YA, SKIP, THE JEWELS AN' CASH IN BLAKE'S SAFE WOULD PUT US IN CLOVER FOR LIFE!
I AIN'T ARGUIN', PEARLY! I'M ONLY SAYIN' THE JOINT'S FULL OF BURGLAR ALARMS, AN' THE ONLY ROAD DOWN THE HILL RUNS STRAIGHT THROUGH TOWN!
WATCH THESE TWO! STRANGELY ENOUGH, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS TO DO WITH MEL'S BICYCLE TRAINING!

LATER, WHEN THE CYCLE CLUB MEMBERS HAVE AGREED ON A SAFETY CODE...
WE'RE GOING TO SEE HOW SUPERBOY'S GETTING ALONG WITH THE TEST COURSE, CLARK! AS SECRETARY, YOU'D BETTER FINISH COPYING THAT LIST OF RULES!
OKAY, EDDIE--BUT NEXT TIME, I'M GOING TO RUN FOR YOUR JOB AS PRESIDENT, AND LET SOMEBODY ELSE DO THE WORK!


LEFT TO HIMSELF, CLARK USES SUPER-SPEED TO COMPLETE HIS PAPER WORK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!
NOW TO SWITCH TO SUPERBOY AND GET THE TEST COURSE READY BEFORE THE CLUB ARRIVES THERE!
4


MINUTES LATER, AT AN ABANDONED SECTION OF TOWN, SET ASIDE FOR THE BOYS' USE...
MERCHANTS CONTRIBUTED THE LUMBER AND SUPPLIES, AND THE POLICE ARE SENDING THEIR BEST DRIVERS TO CREATE REALISTIC TRAFFIC HAZARDS!

AND BY THE TIME THE CLUB MEMBERS ARRIVE...

WOW! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS BACK IN MAIN STREET!

GOOD! YOU'LL DO LOTS OF RIDING THERE, JOE, WHEN YOU GET YOUR LICENSE! THAT'S WHY I'VE MADE THIS COURSE SO SIMILAR!

PRESENTLY, SUPERBOY'S EXAMINATION OF BICYCLES AND RIDERS BEGINS...

...NO RIDING DOUBLE--AND ALWAYS HAVE A HEADLIGHT AT NIGHT!

ALSO A TAIL LIGHT OR REFLECTOR ON THE REAR FENDER, DAN! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ONE AS SOON AS YOU FINISH UP HERE!

CRACK POLICE DRIVERS, CARDBOARD "PEDESTRIANS" AND SUPERBOY'S VIGILANCE MAKE FOR THRILLING TRIAL RUNS...

BLACK MARK FOR YOU, TOM! EVEN WHEN YOU'RE DODGING A CAR, YOU MUST WATCH OUT FOR RECKLESS SKATERS!

GOSH, I'M GLAD THAT'S ONLY AN *IMITATION* SKATER!

AND TO NOBODY'S SURPRISE, MEL BLAKE PRESENTS A SPECIAL PROBLEM...

HMM...NO LIGHTS, NO HORN, OVERWEIGHT, AND TOO LONG A WHEEL BASE! THIS CAN BE A DANGEROUS MACHINE, MEL--AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED!

BUT THERE'S NO ROOM FOR LIGHTS AND STUFF, SUPERBOY! I'LL BET THE OTHER KIDS TURNED YOU AGAINST MY BIKE BECAUSE THEY'RE JEALOUS!

SMART BIKE RIDERS CHECK THESE POINTS FOR SAFETY

HEADLIGHT

HORN OR BELL

REFLECTORS

BRAKE

TIRES

AND THEY DON'T

-- CARRY EXTRA PASSENGERS ON CROSSBAR OR HANDLEBARS

-- HITCH "LIFTS" FROM MOTOR VEHICLES

-- OVERLOAD MACHINES WITH USELESS OR USELESS GADGETS

-- SHOW OFF WITH DANGEROUS STUNTS

-- EXPECT THE OTHER FELLOW TO LOOK OUT FOR THEM

Let's all be smart! (signed) Superboy

BESIDES, I CAN HANDLE THIS SPECIAL JOB BETTER THAN MOST KIDS COULD HANDLE ONE WEIGHING HALF AS MUCH!

I DOUBT IT! BUT THERE'S NO FAVORITISM HERE, SO NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO DEMONSTRATE! START RIDING--AND KEEP ALERT FOR SURPRISES!

AND AS THE RICH BOY GETS HIS CUMBERSOME CYCLE UNDER WAY...

IF YOU'D SIGNALED FOR THE TURN, WE'D HAVE GIVEN YOU MORE ROOM! THAT BIKE NEEDS PLENTY!

IF I WAS THE RICHEST KID ON EARTH, I WOULDN'T GIVE A NICKEL FOR A BIKE THAT HARD TO RIDE, NO MATTER HOW FANCY IT WAS FIXED UP!

MOMENTS LATER, ON A DOWNHILL STRETCH, THE UNAVOIDABLE RESULT...
SORRY, MEL, BUT YOUR BIKE'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU! IF YOU WANT TO RIDE IN SMALLVILLE, YOU'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR OLD ONE!
BUT I HIT A STONE OR SOMETHING! IT'S STILL THE CLASSIEST BIKE IN AMERICA!
I'LL FIND A WAY AROUND YOUR SILLY SAFETY RULES
NEVER MIND, SUPERBOY... HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO WON'T GO ALONG!
ONE'S TOO MANY, EDDIE! THINK OF THE HARM HE MIGHT DO TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS! BUT HE'S A GOOD KID UNDERNEATH... HE MAY SNAP OUT OF IT!
MB
BUT THERE STILL REMAINS ONE BOY TO BE TESTED-- THE CHALLENGE SUPERBOY HAS DREADED!
WHERE'S CLARK? HE'LL NEED A LICENSE TOO! LET'S GET HIM!
WAIT... ER... IT'LL BE FASTER IF I GO!
AND I'D BETTER THINK FASTER, TOO!
SOON...
ANYBODY WANT MY JOB AS SECRETARY? BESIDES MISSING ALL THE FUN, I STILL HAVE WORK TO DO!
WE'LL SKIP THE ORAL TEST, CLARK, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN COPYING THE ANSWERS AND PROBABLY KNOW THEM BY HEART NOW! YOU CAN START RIDING!
BUT HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE, WHEN SUPERBOY AND CLARK ARE THE SAME PERSON?
THEN, AS A PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH SENDS THE BICYCLE SAILING AWAY...
LOOK AT HIM GO! FIRST SECRETARY WE EVER HAD WHO WAS THAT ANXIOUS TO WORK!
LUCKY I HAD A GOOD EXCUSE TO RUSH THINGS! NOW TO BEAT THE OTHERS BACK TO THE CLUBHOUSE AND CONCEAL THE EVIDENCE!
THE SECRET LIES IN PERFECT CONTROL--REMOTE CONTROL...
YOU'LL DO, CLARK... GO BACK AND FINISH YOUR WORK!
I WISH ALL THE TESTS I HAD TO TAKE WERE THIS EASY!
THE LIFELIKE DUMMY IN THE SADDLE "SPEAKS" BY SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM, AND IS GUIDED BY SMALL MAGNETS IN SUPERBOY'S HANDS!
6

AS FOR MELVIN-- THAT AFTERNOON, HE FINDS A WAY TO GET EVEN WITH THE CYCLE CLUB...
KEEP MY BIKE OFF THE STREETS, WILL THEY? WELL, THIS PIPELINE LEADS FROM THE RESERVOIR TO MY HOUSE...THE WHOLE TOWN WILL SEE ME RIDING IT!
MB

AND AT LONG LAST, THE VIGIL OF TWO CRIMINALS IS REWARDED!
LOOK, SKIP--THERE'S OUR ANSWER! WE'LL SWIPE THE BIKE, ALONG WITH THE OTHER STUFF, AN' RIDE ACROSS TOWN TO A HIGHWAY!
YEAH, PEARLY... WHEN THE COPS COME UP THE HILL, THEIR CARS WON'T BE ABLE TO CHASE US!

SO THAT EVENING, AS MEL'S FATHER READS IN HIS LIBRARY...
GARVEY! WHAT--?
BEG PARDON, SIR! I INFORMED THEM YOU WEREN'T TO BE DISTURBED, BUT...
OPEN YOUR SAFE, BLAKE -- AN' NO MONKEY BUSINESS!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS CYCLE CLUB MEMBERS DISCUSS FURTHER SAFETY PLANS WITH SUPERBOY AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE...
MEL WORRIES ME! HE MADE FUN OF OUR CAMPAIGN BY RISKING HIS NECK ON THAT OVERHEAD PIPELINE TODAY! IF HE SHOULD HURT HIMSELF...
I'LL SPEAK TO HIS FATHER, AND -- EH? WHAT IS IT, CLANCY?

GREAT SCOTT! A BURGLAR ALARM ON BLAKE'S SPECIAL CIRCUIT! GET SOME SCOUT CARS OUT THERE! BLOCK THE HILL ROAD!
WITH ONLY ONE ROAD DOWN THAT HILL, MAYBE THE CROOKS PLANNED A DIFFERENT GET-AWAY ROUTE! YOU BIKE RIDERS SCOUT THE HIGHWAYS!
LET'S GO, BOYS!

AND WHEN SUPERBOY REACHES THE SCENE MOMENTS LATER...
SUPERBOY! THEY SLUGGED ME AND TOOK MY NEW BIKE! PLEASE -- HELP ME CATCH THEM!
HMM...THIS COULD BE MY CHANCE TO GET MEL STRAIGHTENED OUT, WHICH IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS CATCHING THOSE CROOKS!
YOU BET I'LL HELP! WHERE'S YOUR OLD BIKE?

INSIDE... BUT IT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR A LONG TIME! A TIRE'S FLAT, AND...
IT'S STILL A GOOD BIKE, MEL! YOU SHOULD TAKE BETTER CARE OF IT! I'LL VULCANIZE THIS TIRE IN A JIFFY, BY SUPER-FRICTION!

SUPERBOY RUBS THE RUBBER ALMOST TO THE MELTING POINT--SEALS AND REPLACES IT ON THE RIM--AND INFLATES IT WITH A BREATH!
THERE! HOP ON AND HEAD FOR THE PIPELINE! YOU WERE SHOWING OFF THIS AFTERNOON, WHICH IS BAD--BUT THIS TIME, IT'S AN EMERGENCY! IF THE ROBBERS WANTED YOUR BIKE, THAT'S THE WAY THEY WENT!
BUT--IN THE DARK--WITH NO HEADLIGHT...

A HEADLIGHT'S IMPORTANT--BUT SINCE WE HAVEN'T ONE HANDY, I'LL STRIKE SPARKS BY SCRAPING A STONE ALONG THIS IRON RAILING!
WOW! IT'S BRIGHT AS DAY! GANGWAY! THIS MACHINE IS LIGHT AND FAST!

WHILE BEYOND THE FARTHER END OF THE AQUADUCT...
GET MOVIN'! SEE THAT COP'S SEARCHLIGHT? EVEN IF THEY CAN'T SEE US THROUGH THESE BUSHES, WE GOTTA GO!
WHEW! THIS IS THE HARDEST-PUMPIN' BIKE I EVER RODE! I'D DITCH IT, IF IT WASN'T FOR THE RADIO KEEPIN' US INFORMED!
ATTENTION, SCOUT CARS! SURROUND HILL BELOW BLAKE HOUSE!

THE FUGITIVES MOVE ON--AND AS MEL SWINGS INTO THE HIGHWAY NEAR A SHARP CURVE...
THEY'D GO THIS WAY--HEY! WILL THAT TRUCK DRIVER SEE ME IN TIME?
HE WOULD, IF YOU HAD A TAIL LIGHT OR REFLECTOR! LET ME SHOW YOU!
8

ONCE AGAIN, STONE AND METAL MAKE A LIFE-SAVING FLARE...
WATCH IT, PETE... THERE'S A KID ON A BIKE!
I SEE HIM! I ALWAYS DO, AS LONG AS HIS BIKE IS LIT UP!

TRAILING THE BIKE, THE BOY OF STEEL GRINDS BITS OF RED SANDSTONE IN HIS HANDS TILL THEY MELT AND FUSE--SHAPES THE GLOWING MASS WITH HIS FINGER-NAIL--THEN...
THERE'S A RUBY REFLECTOR, SO I WON'T HAVE TO KEEP THROWING ROCKS AT YOU!
GOSH--I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF SAFETY EQUIPMENT--THE RIGHT KIND!

AND AS THE ROBBERS REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
ATTENTION, STATE POLICE AND SHERIFF'S PATROLS! BANDITS MAKING GETAWAY! BLOCK ALL ROADS SURROUNDING SMALLVILLE!
JEEPERS! NOW WE GOTTA HIT FOR THE WOODS!
SUITS ME! EVEN GOIN' DOWNHILL, THIS BIKE'S A MANKILLER! I'LL TURN IN THAT LANE RIGHT AHEAD!

BUT SUPER-HEARING KEEPS THEIR PURSUERS HOT ON THEIR TAIL...
...IN THAT LANE RIGHT AHEAD!
WE'RE GETTING CLOSE! LET HER FREE-WHEEL, MEL! GET UP ALL THE SPEED YOU CAN--AND BE READY TO TURN WHEN I GIVE THE WORD!
OKAY, SUPERBOY! SINCE I STARTED RIDING THAT HEAVY-WEIGHT BIKE, I'D FORGOTTEN HOW FAST AND SMOOTH THIS ONE HANDLES!

NOW--TO THE RIGHT!
HE HASN'T ANY HORN, AND I NOTICED HIS BRAKE IS LOOSE! HE'LL NEED BOTH--SO I'LL HAVE TO SUPPLY THEM!
RIGHT IS RIGHT!

ABRUPTLY, THE CROOKS' TENSE NERVES ARE SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF A SUPER-HORN...
HOOOOOO-N-N-N-N-NK!
YIIII! MY EARDRUMS ARE BUSTED!
B-BUT THAT SOUNDED LIKE A HUMAN VOICE!

AND AS X-RAY EYES FOCUS ON MEL'S BRAKE, HEATING AND EXPANDING METAL PARTS...
IT'S STOPPING--JUST IN TIME!
HUH? THE KID WE SLUGGED, ON ANOTHER BIKE! THIS TIME WE'LL...

PRESENTLY, AT SMALLVILLE POLICE HEADQUARTERS . . .
THANK GOODNESS, SUPERBOY-- YOU CAUGHT THEM!
I HELPED, CHIEF, BUT MEL BLAKE--ONE OF OUR SMARTEST LOCAL BIKEMEN-- DID MOST OF THE WORK!
AN' WE'D OF GOT CLEAR, TOO, IF WE'D HAD A GOOD BIKE LIKE HE DID, INSTEAD OF A TWO-WHEELED TANK!

DAYS LATER, AS THE BIKE SAFETY CAMPAIGN DRAWS TO A TRIUMPHANT CLOSE . . .
ONE THING WE'VE DONE IS GET MORE BIKES ON THE STREET THAN EVER BEFORE-- WHICH IS FINE, AS MEL BLAKE, THE CYCLE CLUB'S NEW SAFETY DIRECTOR, WILL TELL YOU
MORE BIKES MEAN MORE FUN, MORE HEALTH AND MORE EFFICIENCY-- IF WE'RE CAREFUL!
10

SAFETY RULES AND SAFETY DEVICES ARE GOOD! BUT NEVER FORGET THAT THE ONLY REAL GUARANTEE OF SAFE CYCLING IS A SMART FELLOW IN THE SADDLE!
BIKE ACCIDENT SCORE
LAST WEEK 23
THIS WEEK 0
KEEP THE GOOSE EGG ON THE SCOREBOARD -- NOT ON YOUR NOGGIN!
WHEE!
HOORAY!
'RAY FOR SUPERBOY!

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THE COP
STATE PRISON
HELLO, BUTCH!
76104
YOU MAY AS WELL RELAX. YOU'LL BE HERE WITH US FOR A LONG TIME!
76104
NOT ME! I'VE GOT THE SMARTEST LAWYER IN THE COUNTRY. HE'LL GET ME OUT - PRONTO!
RIGHT NOW HE'S FIGURING OUT SOME ANGLE TO FREE ME. YOU'LL SEE!
LATER..
OH, BUTCH - MEET YOUR NEW CELLMATE!
HERE HE IS - J.B. - YOUR LAWYER!
76105
76104
THE END

So you want to be a Paratrooper?

There's Much More To It Than Flying Through The Air With the Greatest of Ease

EINDHOVEN, HOLLAND, 1944. A Nazi lieutenant salutes his superior. He reports.

"Our situation is excellent, Herr Major. We have a dozen tanks and plenty of ammunition to back up our men. Our position is so well defended that it would be suicide for anyone to attack from any direction."

"*Wunderbar!* Wonderful, Lieutenant," answers the Major. "I think we ourselves will be ready to start attacking in a few days."

But even as the Major finishes his boast, the drone of transport planes drifts through the air. From the west, a squadron of ten planes, protected by an umbrella of fighters, speeds straight towards the Nazi major's entrenched positions. The planes bear the insignia of the United States Air Forces.

As the planes reach the Nazi-held sector, lines of parachutes blossom all over the sky—and paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division plunge down to do battle! As they hit the ground, they release their chutes and set up their bazooka anti-tank guns and their machine guns. Taking the Germans by surprise, they quickly aim and open fire.

The battle is sharp and vicious. But less than 10 minutes later, the men of the 101st have knocked out twelve tanks, exploded the ammunition of the enemy, and captured 600 prisoners! The "well-defended" position of the Nazis has collapsed like a pierced balloon under an attack from a direction the Major never even suspected.

Striking from the skies in Europe and in the Pacific, fearless paratroopers fought decisive battles which helped to bring V-J day nearer. Attacking at places where they were least expected, they wiped out pockets of enemy resistance which would have very much slowed the American advance Many GIs are alive today thanks to these intrepid warriors.

You can see that being a paratrooper demands courage and skill But the corps will soon find out for itself if you have these qualities. All it asks is that you be at least 17 years old, under 200 pounds in weight, and in top physical form.

Once you pass these first hurdles, you are sent to the paratroop school at Fort Benning, Georgia. Here, the work and training is so tough that at least half of your buddies will flunk out. To become a paratrooper, you must have grit and the ability to take punishment

One training sergeant—with countless jumps to his credit—gives the same first order to all rookies: "You will rotate your arms 120 times a minute for one hour!" Just as the last minute of the hour rolls around, and the men think they will be able to take a much-needed rest, the sergeant barks out another order: "You will now rotate your arms 120 times a minute

in the opposite direction—for another hour!"

Many of the men, of course, cannot take it. Those that fail are transferred to another branch of the army. It sounds cruel, but it's better that these men fail in training than that they fail in combat—where their failures might cost you your life.

To do the rotation exercise calls for will-power even more than physical strength—and this is what you'll need as a paratrooper more than anything else. You'll need will-power to jump out of a speeding plane into enemy anti-aircraft fire and possible death. You'll need it to keep going on the ground when everything looks hopeless. Without it, you'll fail as a paratrooper.

The corps can't give you will power. It can only find out—through various methods—whether or not you have it. But training for the paratroopers can give you the stamina you'll need in this dangerous, tough combat that airborne troops engage in. This training is probably the toughest of any branch of any army in the world!

Ten-mile road-runs in the blazing heat, with canteens forbidden. Rope-climbing, jiu-jitsu, push-ups—all these and other exercises prepare you for learning the actual techniques of a paratrooper.

You learn how to collapse your chute in a strong wind by practicing in front of a big fan. If you don't get this trick properly, you may find yourself being dragged along the ground at half-a-mile a minute—which may deposit you in the hospital with a batch of broken bones. Next, you practice checking your buddies' equipment before boarding the plane. A loose belt in any of the equipment might mean death. You learn to pack chutes so that in an emergency you'll know what to do.

With all this behind you, you must learn how to land. With a parachute, you hit the ground at about the same speed as if you jumped off the top of a boxcar. If your knees and ankles aren't in the correct positions, you can easily break a leg. And a paratrooper with a broken leg is worse than useless: he's a burden on the others.

So first you leap from a 35-foot mock-up tower which slides you towards a sawdust pit 150 feet away. After you've gotten the fundamentals from this, you move on to a 250-foot tower. You jump from the top of this with a fully-inflated chute and then drift to the ground. There's no ripcord to pull, no worry about whether your chute will open.

In more practice sessions, you learn how to jump from the plane so that the tail surfaces won't hit you or foul your chute. You learn how to control your drift in the air so that you won't land in a patch of trees. You learn what to do if you have to come down in water. And, of course, you learn special paratroop combat techniques.

Finally, the big day comes. You strap on your equipment—steel helmet, water canteen, food, first aid pouch, entrenching tools, weapons, and ammo—in all, 90 extra pounds. You slip into your two chutes: the main one on your back, the reserve in front. You climb into the transport with your buddies, the motors roar, and you're off.

Over the target area. The jump-master shouts, "Hook up!" You snap your static line onto the anchor line so that your chute will open automatically when you jump. You crowd close to the open door, and far below you see the tiny shadow of your plane speed across fields.

The jump-master taps the first man on the shoulder. Away he plunges. Two or three more go. Then you're at the door, you feel the hand on your shoulder, and you step off into space, the propwash ripping the "Geronimo!" from your mouth.

And afterward, when you land, you laugh with your buddies about it.

"Just like riding an elevator." Then, more honest with yourself: "Or is it? . . ."

—Bob Kent

VARSITY VIC
HERE COMES TOD BROWN. HE'S THE SCHOOL ATHLETIC HERO. I'LL INTRODUCE GWEN TO HIM - LET HER SEE I KNOW ALL THE BIG SHOTS. IT'LL IMPRESS HER.
GWEN, THIS IS TOD BROWN - OUR GREAT ATHLETE. FOOTBALL - BASEBALL - HE'S ON ALL THE TEAMS!
YOU SHOULD GET HIM TO TELL YOU SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES - LIKE THAT 90-YARD RUN FOR A TOUCHDOWN IN THE LAST MINUTE OF PLAY!
OH, YOU GREAT BIG MAN, YOU!
LISTEN - - -
SO LONG, VIC. DON'T BOTHER COMING ON SATURDAY NIGHT. TOD IS GOING TO TELL ME SOME OF HIS EXCITING EXPERIENCES!
END

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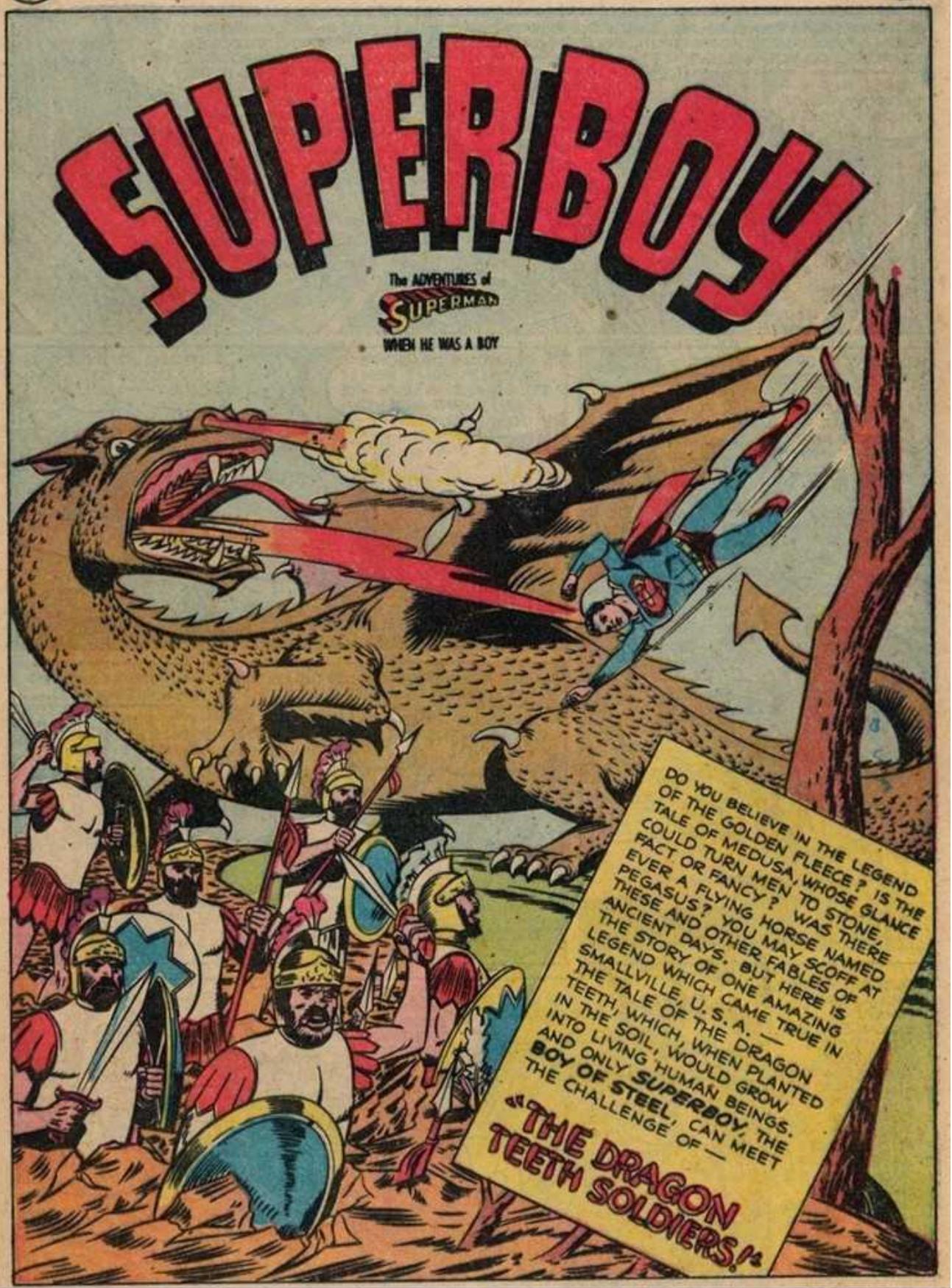
SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE? IS THE TALE OF MEDUSA, WHOSE GLANCE COULD TURN MEN TO STONE, FACT OR FANCY? WAS THERE EVER A FLYING HORSE NAMED PEGASUS? YOU MAY SCOFF AT THESE AND OTHER FABLES OF ANCIENT DAYS. BUT HERE IS THE STORY OF ONE AMAZING LEGEND WHICH CAME TRUE IN SMALLVILLE, U.S.A. — THE TALE OF THE DRAGON TEETH, WHICH, WHEN PLANTED IN THE SOIL, WOULD GROW INTO LIVING HUMAN BEINGS. AND ONLY SUPERBOY, THE BOY OF STEEL, CAN MEET THE CHALLENGE OF —
"THE DRAGON TEETH SOLDIERS!"

ONE EVENING, AS TWO BURGLARS INVADE THE PRIVATE COLLECTION ROOM OF MILLIONAIRE ROBIN RIPLIN, CREATOR OF THE CARTOON FEATURE, "DO YOU BELIEVE IT?"
HERE! THIS IS WHAT THE BOSS TOLD US TO GET!
DRAGON'S TEETH! I STILL DON'T GET IT! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS A DRAGON, IS THERE?
DRAGON'S TEETH
NOT IN 1952, THERE AIN'T! BUT 'BIG BOY' TALBOT SAYS THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PLANT THESE THINGS IN THE GROUND IN CENTRAL PARK TOMORROW, A FEW FEET AWAY FROM THAT OAK TREE GROVE!

NEXT DAY, IN CENTRAL PARK--
HI, FRIEND! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?
PLANTING DRAGONS' TEETH!

PLANTING DRAGON'S TEETH? HEH! HEH! I'LL GO ALONG WITH THE JOKE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GROW?
IT'S NO JOKE! I'M GOING TO GROW---MEN!

AMUSED GRINS BREAK OUT ON THE FACES OF THE GATHERING CROWD AS GOOD-NATURED JEERS AND CATCALLS MINGLE WITH ADVICE...
GROWING MEN FROM THE GROUND?
HA! HA! NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!
IT'S SOME PUBLICITY STUNT. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!

SUDDENLY, THE GRINS FADE AWAY! A WOMAN SCREAMS. MEN CRY OUT IN HORROR, AND TURN TO FLEE. FOR THE EARTH RUMBLES. FISSURES AND CRACKS APPEAR, AND FROM THE DISTURBED SOIL, SOLDIERS IN FULL ARMOR GROW UPWARD FROM THE VERY GROUND!
AAAAGGH!
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!
NO. NO. LOOK-- THERE ARE MEN-- GROWING FROM THE GROUND ITSELF!
2

AS MORE AND MORE OF THE INCREDIBLE SOLDIERS SPRING UPWARD FROM THE GROUND, THE PEOPLE FLEE IN STARK PANIC...
THE LEGEND CAME TRUE!
THESE MEN DID GROW FROM THOSE DRAGON'S TEETH!
A MILE AWAY, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM SMALLVILLE SCHOOL AT NOONTIME RECESS, YOUNG CLARK KENT OVERHEARS THE COMMOTION...
WITH MY SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING, I CAN MAKE OUT PEOPLE SCREAMING IN TERROR! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING OVER IN THE PARK!
SHUCKING HIS OUTER CLOTHES, CLARK KENT SWITCHES INTO HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF SUPERBOY...
FROM THEIR REMARKS, THE TROUBLE SEEMS TO BE CAUSED BY DRAGON'S TEETH GROWING INTO SOLDIERS! BUT I MUST HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD! THAT'S RIDICULOUS!
THERE ARE THE SOLDIERS, ALL RIGHT -- WITH A BATTERING RAM! THEY MUST BE PART OF A MOVIE COMPANY, ON LOCATION!
BUT IF THEY'RE A MOVIE COMPANY, WHY ARE THEY SETTING UP THAT BATTERING RAM IN FRONT OF A BANK'S DOORS?
SORRY, GENTLEMEN! YOU CAN'T MAKE ANY WITHDRAWALS FROM THIS BANK UNTIL I LEARN MORE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SMALLVILLE RADIO BROADCASTING STUDIOS...
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL FLASH! A LEGEND CAME TRUE IN OUR TOWN TODAY! MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED EYEWITNESSES VERIFIED THE OLD TALE OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH, WHEN THEY SAW LIVE SOLDIERS MIRACULOUSLY SPROUT FROM THE SOIL IN CENTRAL PARK!
ON THE AIR

...IN CENTRAL PARK...
SO THAT'S THE EXPLANATION FOR THIS SPECTACLE! IT'S INCREDIBLE — BUT APPARENTLY TRUE!
KILL HIM!
WE CAN'T! OUR SWORDS BREAK ON HIS SKIN!

MOVING WITH EYE-BLINDING SPEED, SUPERBOY RIPS METAL RIBBONS FROM THE SOLDIERS' ARMOR, AND USES THEM AS BONDS TO TIE THE WARRIORS DOWN!
HE MOVES SO FAST!
IF HE IS AN INHABITANT OF THIS STRANGE WORLD, ALL OUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS!

WHAT DOES SUPERBOY SEE IN THE COIN THAT CAUSES HIM TO EXCLAIM? CAN YOU NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS BIT OF METAL MONEY?

MOMENTS LATER...
WE CAN'T HAVE ARMED SOLDIERS ON THE WARPATH WANDERING AROUND TOWN! JAIL IS THE BEST PLACE FOR THEM UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES DECIDE WHAT TO DO!

EVEN AS SUPERBOY DEPOSITS HIS CAPTIVES IN THE LOCAL JAIL, MORE AND MORE DRAGON'S TEETH SOLDIERS SPRING UP ALL OVER SMALLVILLE . . .

PANIC-STRICKEN RESIDENTS GATHER ABOUT THEIR TELEVISION SETS . . .
PROFESSOR EINLEIN, IS THERE ANY BASIS IN SCIENCE FOR SUCH A LEGEND TO COME TRUE?
YES, INDEED! I HAVE A THEORY!

SUB-ATOMIC WORLDS, EXISTING ALONG WITH OURS IN TINY OBJECTS, SUCH AS A STONE, A JEWEL, OR EVEN A DRAGON'S TOOTH, HAVE LONG BEEN CONSIDERED POSSIBLE. BY PLANTING ONE OF THESE TEETH IN THE SOIL, A CHEMICAL REACTION INDUCING GIANT GROWTH MAY OCCUR. GROWING TOO LARGE FOR THEIR OWN WORLD, MEN OF SUCH A SUB-ATOMIC WORLD INVADE OURS!

PRESENTLY, THE STREETS OF SMALLVILLE ARE FILLED WITH MARCHING SOLDIERS . . .
I'VE CALLED THE POLICE BUT THEY'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE!

ONLY SUPERBOY CAN HOPE TO MATCH THE IRRESISTIBLE NUMBERS OF THESE BEARDED WARRIORS WITH HIS GREAT SPEED AND STRENGTH!
THAT CATAPULT WILL SMASH THE WAREHOUSE WALLS! ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM!
5

CATCHING THE MISSILES ON HIS STEEL-THEWED CHEST, SUPERBOY PULVERIZES THEM TO FINE DUST . . .
I COULD DO THIS EVEN WITH THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR!

THERE IS NO TIME FOR REST! AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BOY OF STEEL DEPOSITS THE ENDLESS STREAM OF VILLAINOUS SOLDIERS IN THE LOCAL JAIL, THEN HURTLES OUT FOR MORE!
NOW THEY'RE USING GREEK FIRE TO PANIC THE ANIMALS IN THE ZOO!
A QUICK VISIT TO THE SMALLVILLE ICE HOUSE...
IT WON'T TAKE A SPLIT SECOND TO GET ENOUGH OF THIS ICE TO START A RAINFALL! FIRST I BATTER SOME OF THESE ICE CAKES TOGETHER, SO THAT THEY TURN TO SNOWFLAKES!
THEN, WITH A MIGHTY BREATH, SUPERBOY BLOWS THE ICY FLAKES DOWNWARD, SO THAT THEY TURN TO PELTING RAIN...
THE WEATHER-MAN PREDICTED HEAVY SHOWERS THIS AFTERNOON! THIS WILL MAKE HIS PREDICTION COME TRUE!
THE TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR EXTINGUISHES THE FIRE, BUT SUPER-BOY'S JOB ISN'T FINISHED...
THIS IS A TALE OF TWO KITTIES! BACK TO YOUR CAGES, BOYS! NOW I'VE GOT TO ROUND UP SOME MORE GUESTS FOR THE WARDEN'S JAIL!
AFRICAN LION
MOMENTS LATER...
ANOTHER BATCH OF OUTLAWS! GOOD GRIEF, SUPERBOY, OUR CELLS ARE SO CROWDED, WE CAN'T GET ANOTHER MAN IN!
PROBLEMS LIKE THAT ARE MY SPECIALTY...
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO BUILD YOU AN ANNEX TO YOUR JAIL, WARDEN! THESE EXTRA RAILROAD TRACKS MAKE WONDERFUL BARS!

THAT WAS JUST WHAT WE NEEDED, SUPERBOY! BUT SUPPOSE THERE ARE ANY MORE OF THEM?
I'VE ROUNDED THEM ALL UP, WARDEN! NOW THE TIME HAS ARRIVED FOR THEM TO REVEAL WHY THEY'RE HERE!
MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE READY NOW! THAT'S "BIG BOY" TALBOT TALKING TO THEM. I PUT HIM IN JAIL THREE MONTHS AGO FOR LOOTING A DOZEN BANKS!
DON'T MOVE, WARDEN. MY MEN ARE ALL OVER YOUR JAIL, DISARMING YOUR GUARDS!
SUPERBOY, WITH YOUR SPEED, YOU COULD STOP THEM BEFORE THEY PULL THEIR TRIGGERS!
YES, WARDEN— BUT I DARE TAKE NO CHANCES WITH YOUR GUARDS' LIVES AT STAKE!
WITH ALL THEM SOLDIERS IN THERE, YOU WON'T MISS US! HA! HA!
SUPERBOY— THEY'RE ESCAPING!
YES, WARDEN! I WANT THEM TO GET AWAY!
YOU SEE, THIS WHOLE DRAGON'S TEETH BUSINESS IS A HOAX! THESE SOLDIERS ARE TALBOT'S THUGS, DISGUISED WITH BEARDS. HE KNEW WE WOULD PUT THEM IN JAIL, THEN HE INTENDED TO HAVE THEM HELP HIM ESCAPE BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS!
A HOAX? THOSE SCIENTISTS SAID IT WAS POSSIBLE!
POSSIBLE — PERHAPS! YET, ACCORDING TO THEIR ARMOR, THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE COME FROM JULIUS CAESAR'S TIME. BUT THIS COIN IS STAMPED B.C.! COINS THAT WERE MINTED THEN WERE NEVER DATED B.C. UNTIL YEARS LATER! SO I KNEW THAT THIS WAS ALL A HOAX TO MAKE US THINK THE DRAGON'S TEETH LEGEND HAD COME TRUE!
IVLIVS CAESAR
BC
7

TALBOT HAD HIS MEN DIG MOLES IN THE GROUND, THEN PRETEND TO GROW OUT OF THE SOIL WHEN A DRAGON'S TOOTH WAS PLANTED THERE. BUT THE ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS WHY HE WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE — AND I THINK I CAN SOLVE THAT BY FOLLOWING HIM!
IN THE MEANTIME, MANY MILES FROM SMALLVILLE...
NOBODY SUSPECTS A THING! DIG, BOYS — DIG!
SOME DISTANCE AWAY, SUPERBOY HAS SEEN THE SOLDIERS DIGGING. A MOMENT AFTERWARD...
A JUNKYARD! I OUGHT TO FIND WHAT I NEED IN HERE!
HIS MIGHTY HANDS FLYING SO SWIFTLY THEY BECOME INVISIBLE, THE BOY OF STEEL MOULDS THE SCRAP METAL TO FORM A GIGANTIC STEEL SKELETON...
NEXT COME THESE BUNDLES OF OLD PAPERS, SOME GLUE AND PASTE, CHALK AND SAND — LET IT COME TO A NICE BOIL, KEEP STIRRING — WHEW! WONDER WHAT OSCAR OF THE WALDORF WOULD THINK OF THIS RECIPE?
IT'S THE FORMULA FOR PAPIER-MACHE, AND AFTER I'VE MOULDED IT, AND IT COOLS AND HARDENS — PRESTO! — I HAVE THE MOST FRIGHTENING DRAGON THAT EVER HAD FALSE TEETH!

I'LL DIG A HOLE SO FAST THAT TALBOT AND HIS SOLDIERS WON'T EVEN KNOW I'M AROUND! THEN, WHEN THEY DIG A LITTLE DEEPER—
PRESENTLY...
HEY, "BIG BOY"— THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE DOWN HERE!
IT'S MOVING AROUND! WHAT IS IT, "BIG BOY"— WHAT IS IT?
HERE I COME, BOYS— READY OR NOT!
YODOWWWWW!
THAT'S REAL FIRE!
AAAAAGGGH!
AND IT'S A REAL DRAGON!
HIDDEN INSIDE THE "DRAGON" WORKING THE LEGS SO CLEVERLY THAT IT APPEARS TO BE ALIVE, IS SUPERBOY...
...AND IN THE "DRAGON'S" THROAT, MAKING FIRE WITH TWO DRY STICKS, BLOWING OUTWARD TO CREATE THE AWESOME ILLUSION OF A MONSTER THAT BREATHES REAL FIRE...
HE'S GOING TO SWALLOW US! I'D RATHER BE IN JAIL!
BOSS— HELP!
JOIN THE PARTY, "BIG BOY!"

AND IN THE SMALLVILLE JAIL, A LITTLE LATER...
THIS IS WHAT I DISCOVERED WHEN I DUG THAT HOLE TO HIDE THE DRAGON IN— THE LOOT OF ALL "BIG BOY" TALBOT'S ROBBERIES! OVER $1,000,000! IT EXPLAINS WHY HE STARTED THAT DRAGON'S TEETH HOAX— AN ELABORATE RUSE TO GET OUT OF JAIL, GET HIS HANDS ON THIS MONEY, AND THEN PROBABLY FLEE THE COUNTRY!
AS LONG AS I'VE EXPOSED YOUR BOSS'S SCHEME, I'LL DO A LITTLE MORE EXPOSING—WITH SHAVING LATHER AND A RAZOR! I WANT TO SEE THOSE FACES UNDERNEATH THAT FACE SHRUBBERY!
I THOUGHT SO! THE MOST WANTED CRIMINALS IN AMERICA! "LEFTY" LARRY! "DUKE" ADCOOK! AL THE PAL! ALL OF THEM ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HELP "BIG BOY" TALBOT GET OUT OF JAIL, HOPING TO GET A SLICE OF HIS HIDDEN MILLION!
10
OWWWW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
NOTHING I CAN'T CURE, SUPERBOY! TALBOT JUST HAS A— TOOTHACHE!
FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR A MAN WHO WOULD FOOL AROUND WITH "DRAGON'S TEETH," EH?
PRISON DENTIST
the End

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